

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL, AND HARRISON COUNTY FARMER.

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GO AHEAD!

Go ahead—and do not tarry.
Nought is gained by standing still;
What though you at times miscarry?
Let not fears your bosom fill;
Search the causes of your errors,
Gather wisdom from the past,
To the wind give idle terrors,
And you'll get ahead at last.

Go ahead in useful daring.
Let your motto be—"I'll try!"
He, whoever is despairing,
Bankrupt heart and hope is nigh.
What though wealth and you are strangers?
Onward! upward be your aim;
And those real or fancied dangers,
Soon you'll put to flight or shame.

Go ahead—the world reforming.
In civil, moral freedom's name,
All these foes and outposts storming,
Which your enemies may claim.
Yield no bulwark, take no quarter,
Compromise no cherished right,
Freedom's treasure never barter,
But stand for them with your might!

Go ahead, then—don't defer it.
Life's short span soon flies away,
If you'll finish night of merit,
You must ply your task to-day.
Set the ball in instant motion,
To keep it going strain each nerve,
Nor dook ultimate promotion,
Will yield the laurels you deserve!

From the Wellsburg Herald.

SONG.

BY J. B.

Why trembleth the tear in thy eye, love?
Has sorrow been wounding thy heart?
The fount that o'erflows should be dry, love,
For thou and joy never should part.

But let the transgressor still flow, love,
Down over thy cheek let it course,
Though it be a symbol of woe, love,
It makes thee look sweeter, not worse!

Then dash not that tear from the lid, love,
'Twould sully this moment of bliss;
For though it is sorrow was hid, love,
I ne'er dreamed it lovely as this.

Mayhap 'tis preceding a calm, love,
That tear-drop that flows for awhile;
Let me kiss it away for the balm, love,
That brightens thy face with a smile.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
**Laban Lee's Butter Speculation—
What he Gained and Lost.**

BY JOHN JONES, JR.

Mr. Laban Lee, after his "Drop Game" experience, related some time since, was a sadder man than before. He could not get over the loss of his thirty dollars. It troubled him night and day.

"I must get it back somehow," said the farmer to himself, at length. "I can't afford to lose so large a sum. To think that I should have been so swindled!"

"I must get it back somehow!" It was full three weeks from the memorable pocket-book day, when the mind of Laban Lee came to this conclusion. But how was he to get it back? The reason by the insertion of a piece of lead in a small indentation on the under side. The piece of lead, which weighed some three ounces, was loose, thus offering temptation for its removal. And with the desire to get back his lost thirty dollars, by fair or foul means, came to the mind of Lee the idea of picking out this piece of lead, and thus recovering the weight of his butter so many ounces.

No sooner thought than done. The lead was stealthily removed, and not even his better half, who conducted the weighing process, knew aught of the matter.

Just fifty-four pounds, or rather "prints" of butter, had Lee in his tub when he started for the city on the next market day, and yet, if the whole of his butter had been placed in a scale, would not have weighed over forty-four or five pounds.

"If I come through safely," said Lee to himself as he rode along towards the city, "I'll get back about three dollars of what I lost, and the same thing, ten times repeated, will put me even with the world again."

The other view of the subject was too unpleasant for contemplation, and so the roguish farmer would not look at it.

On the next morning Laban Lee took his place in the market, with his tub of fresh butter—and good butter it was as regards quality. On the top were several prints of full weight, these were for the scales of the clerk when he should make his appearance, and were very innocently passed over by the farmer in making sales.

The price of butter was pretty well up, ranging as high as thirty-five cents. And at this rate Lee had disposed of six or eight prints, when the sudden appearance of the clerk of the market made his heart give a great bound, sending the tell-tale blood instantly to his face.

"All right here, of course," said the clerk, pleasantly, as he looked into the face of Lee.

"The proof of the pudding is the eating of it," returned the farmer, with affected confidence, as he took a lump of butter from his tub. His eyes, however, dropped beneath the clerk's gaze, as he handed it to him. The butter was good weight, and proved to be good weight.

"Try another," said Lee.

The clerk reached out his hand and took a second lump, while Lee replaced the first in the tub. This also proved to be up to the standard.

A third came out right also, and, but for something in the manner of Lee, who could not hide his uneasiness, the clerk would have passed on, satisfied that all was right.

The fourth lump was also full weight. Up to this point, Lee had taken the butter from the tub; but now the clerk of the market thrust in his own hand, and lo! the scale in which he placed the scale flew upwards.

Aha, my friend! What's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, as he transferred the lump of butter to a basket, and took another from the farmer's tub.

The unhappy farmer's whole manner underwent a sudden change, and, in spite of an effort of composure, every attitude and expression betrayed his guilt.

The next print of butter proved light also; and the next, and the next; each in its turn passing from the scale, forfeited to the clerk's basket.

"At your old tricks again, ha!" muttered the clerk.

"Tricks!" exclaimed Lee indignantly.

But the clerk kept on transferring print after print from the tub to his basket, and half the contents of the basket had changed places. By this time a little crowd had gathered around. Poor Laban Lee! He felt, as the saying is, as if he could sink into the earth.

"What's the matter here?" would ask one and another, as they peered, curiously, at the impatient clerk.

"Caught in the very act, ha!" said one.

"Why, friend Lee!" exclaimed another, in whose familiar voice the farmer recognized that of an old customer. "Who would have thought it?"

Yes; who would have thought it; chimed in another customer, whose table had for months smiled with the cheering presence of Laban Lee's sweet new butter.

"My good sir," cried a wagish individual, addressing Lee in a grave voice, and pointing, as he spoke, to a pair of ducks, the property of the farmer, "as this man takes so large a lot of your butter, you ought to throw in them ducks into the bargain."

This was too much for poor Lee. With an angry exclamation, he flung himself away from the little curious crowd, and retreating down the market house for three or four stalls, kept out of the way until the clerk had finished his work of confiscation, which covered forty prints of butter. On his return, four pounds of prints only remained in his tub. Lee did not wait to sell these, but hastily collected his things, together, withdrew in deep humiliation and chagrin.

The loss and gain of this butter speculation was sadly on the wrong side. There was not only loss of integrity, the heaviest loss of all, but loss of money. He had hoped to gain, by a sacrifice of honesty, the paltry sum of three dollars; he had made the fearful sacrifice—fearful in the eternal consequences it involved—and not only lost his honor, but four times the amount he expected to gain. This was the loss for that day; but the consequences of his sin and folly did not stop with the going down of the sun. When next market day came round, Lee could not muster sufficient courage to face his customers; so he entrusted fifty pounds of butter—this time full weight, and a little over—to a neighbor not more honest in heart than himself. With neighbor found the temptation of fifteen dollars in his pocket more belonged to him, rather too strong, and on one pretence or another, omitted to pay over. In fact, he had heard, while in market, the story of Lee's adventure with the clerk of the market, and as he turned over in his own mind came to the conclusion that he would make it work to his own advantage.

Flaming, after repeated efforts to get his money from this unscrupulous neighbor, that he was really in danger of losing the proceeds of fifty more pounds of butter. Lee said to him rather sharply—

"Look here! I'm not going to stand this. Pay me my money at once, or I'll expose you to the whole neighborhood."

"You will, will you?" coolly retorted the other.

"Yes, I will!"

"You'd better not."

There was a threat, as well in the words as in the manner of the neighbor, that communicated a sensation of uneasiness to the feelings of Lee.

"Why had I better not?" he asked.

"Try it, and you'll find out," was retorted.

"I will try it!"

Yankee Inquisitiveness.

A contributor to the Carpet Bag relates the following anecdote, illustrative of the dominant passion of all Yankees:

In one of my solitary piscatorial wanderings last week, I passed through a meadow in which a couple of juveniles were making hay. One of them left his companion and came towards the brook where I was fishing. The following remarkably interesting conversation ensued—we being strangers to each other:

"Fishing, aint ye?" enquired the boy.

"Y-a-a-s, something of that sort," said I.

"Got many?" said my Yankee inquisitor, and lifting up the lid of my basket, he exclaimed, with astonishment, "Oh! creation! what a lot!"

"Up and down the lot,"

"Guess ye know how? What kind of a pole's that? powerful han' son one, aint it? What's it made of? Where did ye git that stranger, say?"

Finding I had awakened an inquisitor, and undertaking to satisfy his curiosity, I commenced with a description of the rod.

"Yes, very handsome rod, indeed—made of ashwood—twelve feet in length—in three pieces—mounted with brass—four inches round at the bottom—tapers gradually to half a inch circumference at the top—seventeen ounces in weight—cost five dollars and cheap at that—bought of Martin L. Bradford, of Washington street, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America, last spring—bought from him, too, most nine shillings—when full holds 16 pounds and a half of fish—when half-full or empty can't say—got lines and hooks from him, too—lines linen and silk, various—hooks Limerick, and of different sizes—hanged on gut—this straw hat cost me two dollars three years ago—this coat twelve about the same time—can't say what these ventilating pants cost—have forgotten what the vest came to—boots made for fishing, and cost five dollars—got an old wallet in my pocket to put spare hooks and lines in—have a jack-knife also in my pocket, and a purse with a half dollar and ninepence and two cents in it—there was once half a pint of good brandy in that bottle—paid thirty-two and a half cents for that pipe—got this tobacco at the store above, as part of a pound weight of very miserable stuff—that box I use to keep my bait in, which is generally earth-worms—that handkerchief I got, I can't tell where—it is old enough to speak for itself—I live at the corner above—have been there two months—intend to be there two months longer—there—more about myself I shant tell you—and is there anything more in particular you have to ask?"

Rusticus junior, looked amazed, while I rattled off, with the volubility of a Caledonian, the above inventory of facts and details, and to my great surprise, he stilled, kept out of the way until the clerk had finished his work of confiscation, which covered forty prints of butter. On his return, four pounds of prints only remained in his tub. Lee did not wait to sell these, but hastily collected his things, together, withdrew in deep humiliation and chagrin.

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"Try it, and you'll find out," was retorted.

"I will try it!"

"Very well—and if before three hours pass over your head, the whole neighborhood is not made acquainted with a certain butter speculation of yours, I'm very much mistaken. Ha! what do you say to that?"

"So if you're wise, you'll just keep your tongue between your teeth so far as I'm concerned."

A deep crimson mantled the face of Laban Lee. He tried for a moment or two, to collect his thoughts for a reply; but finding no fit words to answer, he turned suddenly away, and walked slowly on his path homeward.

"Honesty is the best policy." This was the narrow, selfish, self-protecting truism that forced itself upon the thoughts of the unhappy farmer, as he moved along, with his eyes cast upon the ground; and he resolved, from that day, to deal in strict honesty with all men, as the safest and best way—best for mere temporal good; the mind of Laban Lee was not then capable of appreciating any higher good. But if he continues to be honest, even from policy, we may hope that, in time, he will see the true wisdom of being honest without policy. Until then, he cannot be truly honest.

Pay the printer.

Our Country Shall Never Wear a Crown.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!
Shall feel no Tyrant's threatening frown;
'Till Freedom's home where dwell the brave,
And bends to man no crouching slave;
'Tis Freedom's land, whose sunlit sky,
Is hallowed unto Liberty.

'Tis Freedom's Land! and here no tread
Of conqueror shall profane our dead,
Nor touch their sacred forms who burst
The chains a race of Kings had nursed,
Whose requiems still through time shall be,
Loud anthems unto Liberty.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!
Nor droop her Eagle banner down;
Her stars are set to beam on high
As beacon signs of Liberty—
To glow with clear celestial light
Where nations grope in darkest night.

And proudly floats our banner free
O'er many a land, o'er many a sea,
Her stars are set to beam on high
As beacon signs of Liberty—
To glow with clear celestial light
Where nations grope in darkest night.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!
Nor Freedom's bulwark crumble down;
Threatened by no united power
Of monarchs with oppression's dower;
Our Nation with a proud disdain
Would fling their insults back again.

For Freedom is of Heavenly birth!
'Twas won by Heroes to our earth,
And bequeathed with a friendly hand
To the oppressed of every land,
That all may come, that all may be,
Indicators of Liberty.

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Sound Doctrine.

While Dr. Franklin was in London, he was informed of certain reports against his good name, that were current in that country. In writing to a friend, he employed the following language in reference to the subject:

"I give myself as little concern about them as possible. I have often met with such treatment from people that I was all the while endeavoring to serve. At other times I have been extolled where I had little or no merit. One's true happiness depends more upon one's judgment of one's self or a consciousness of rectitude in action and intention, and the approbation of those few who judge impartially, than upon the applause of the unthinking, undiscerning multitude, who are apt to cry 'Huzannah' to-day, and to-morrow, 'crucify him.'"

"This is sound doctrine, proved by the experience of every person of judgment. The best reliance for any individual is within. A consciousness of right motives and good purposes will sustain a well-poised mind better than all the applause of the world, and against all of its evil speaking. Without this conscious rectitude, there is no true peace, let the world admire and honor as it may. Resting upon one's own consciousness of virtuous purpose, is the surest way in all troubles, and the only self-reliance for individual happiness."

"I'll Risk It."

"I guess I'll risk it," were the last words of a little boy as he lay on his death bed. The mother of the child, knowing that a few moments more would close the earthly career of the little sufferer, asked him, if he should send for a minister of the gospel?

"Turning his eyes affectionately upon the afflicted parent—after a moment's serious reflection, he said—"Mother, you need not send for him—I guess I'll risk it."

There were no emotions of fear upon the countenance of that innocent child, although perfectly conscious that life's brittle thread was rapidly being severed, and the heart-strings were stretched to their utmost tension, ready to snap in twain, yet he felt that he could meet his God in peace. What a happy consolation is this, to the bleeding heart of his mother, and what a glorious consolation will it be to the heart of the father, when the saintly intimation breaks upon his ear, in his far distant home.

How many are there, who, if called to give up their spirit, can exclaim with that little boy—"I'll risk it!"

The Orphan Printer Girl.

A contemporary thus notices the tendency of labor and industry to elevate the character and intellect of mankind:

A Cincinnati paper states that three years ago, a poor orphan girl applied, and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked about two years, during which time she earned, beside her board, about \$200, and availing herself of the facilities which printing offices offer, she acquired a good education. She is now an associate editor of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. We should be inclined to discredit the above, if we did not have so many evidences of the elevating influence of the printing office."

Many of the blushing Bloomers of the present age, who turn up their delicate noses at the sight of the bronzed features of the intelligent and industrious mechanic, contrast strangely with the persevering genius of the "poor orphan girl," who chose to follow her example, that by merit alone she might elevate herself to the dignified position in society, that has given her a name that will live immortal as the name of Shakespeare. She has taken the road to true greatness, while many who would have treated her as a menial unit for the social relations of life, would now envy her position, to save them from the desecration of becoming peevish old maids. One of the greatest ladies in Washington city, was once employed as a hand in the Globe printing establishment, and now she enjoys wealth and social honors of the highest degree.—*Mr. Vernon's letter.*

The Wife.

It is not infrequently that a wife mourns over the alienated affection of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her, he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and not break away from such a home.

It is never a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather more liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

The poet who knows how to express and paint the affections and passions of the soul, will always be read with greater delight than the most exact observer of inanimate nature.

He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men will be detected by neglect and envy, or inflated by honor and applause.

Some people think that the heart can never be affected till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated passions; and they drive nails into us by way of teaching our feelings.

Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.

The Late John M'Donough.

M'Donough was a very remarkable, and as we fully believe, a truly benevolent and religious man. He settled in New Orleans near the commencement of the present century, early showed great abilities for business, though until several years after his removal from his native city (Baltimore) to Louisiana, few, if any of his friends, predicted the immense acquisitions he was destined to make. Among his papers were found, in his own hand-writing, bearing date March 2, 1834, the following brief but comprehensive rules of conduct, which we have reason to conclude, controlled in a good degree all his subsequent life.—*The Christian Statesman.*

RULES FOR MY GUIDANCE IN LIFE—1834.
Remember always that Labor is one of the conditions of our existence.
Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.
Do unto all men as you would be done by.
Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never regret what is not your own.
Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.
Never give out that which does not first come in.
Never spend but to produce.
Let the greatest order regulate all the transactions of your life.
Study in your course through life to do the greatest possible amount of good.
Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort in life, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.
Pursue strictly the above rules, and with the Divine blessing, riches of every kind will flow in upon you to your heart's content.

But first of all, remember that the chief and great study of your life should be, to live by all the means in your power, to the honor and glory of your Divine Creator.

JOHN M'DONOUGH.
N. Orleans, March 24, 1834.

The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that without temperance there is no health, without virtue no order, without religion no happiness, and that the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously.

Holler a Little Louder.
Everybody has heard of the two men who stammered; they met, one thought the other was mocking and "vice versa," so they turned to and fogged each other. A similar "difficulty" took place a few days ago in one of the basement shops near Faneuil Hall. A deaf man went down to buy some needles, and in that low strain of voice peculiar to deaf persons, says he—

"Have you any new cider?"
The proprietor of the cellar store, saw his customer's lips moving, and supposed he was saying something, so says he,

"Yes." Then he said—
"How do you sell it?"
"Oh!" responds the shopman, getting nearer the customer.

"Holler a little louder," says the customer, tapping his own ears, intimating he was a little hard of hearing.

"What's the matter with you?" now bawls the shopman.

"Who's a fool?" says the customer, spunking up.

"Do you call me a foo-o-o-ol?" roars the shopman.

"If you call me a foo-o-o-ol," yells the customer, showing signs of fight, "I'll knock fire out of you!"

"Liar, liar!" screams the shopman, and he sets off a clever ruse, comes out at the call of the customer—the customer let drive a pine apple—the fight became general and unrelenting, and the way passed apples, oranges and lemons went into "coalition," was wonderful to observe. The "muss" being noticed by the passing crowd, they gathered about the door-way—at length some descended, and the combatants were parted. After this friendly melee, an explanation took place, and both parties were mollified, but pleased to learn that it was the defect of their hearing organs and not from any ill intentions or disrespect for each other, that they came to blows. The customer bought two shillings worth of the damaged wares, and went on his way, advising the shopman to "holler a little louder" when they "traded" again.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness should have truth in it.

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him. No child altogether untaught sent him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always seeking going on of some sort, just as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he's going to a light.

The Carpet Bag says there must be some horrible cannibals in an eating-house the other day, a man called for Baked Indian.

A young gentleman who had just married a little undersized beauty, says he would have been tall, but she is made of such precious materials, that Nature could not afford it.

A wag says, that Barrow has recently enriched his museum with a lock of hair from the head of steamboat navigation; also, a bush from the face of the earth, and ten yards of the equinoctial line.

To dream of a closed fist, indicates that you are about to ask a favor from an "universal philanthropist." To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding—because where you find apples, you may reasonably expect to find pears.

Man's nature runs either to herbivorous or to carnivorous habits. He who feeds on herbs, let him